

Kiss It Better

orphan_account

Kiss It Better by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Fluff, Hickeys, M/M, Making Out, richie being an ass

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-03

Updated: 2017-10-03

Packaged: 2020-01-23 18:46:38

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 927

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

richie's an asshole and gives eddie hickeys. eddie thinks he could die

Kiss It Better

Author's Note:

this is so shit im sorry

It was a hot day at the Barrens, everyone was wearing shorts and t-shirts and splashing around in the water, cooling down in the agonising heat. The blazing sun was so harsh Beverly and Bill had shed their shirts and Stan was sweating just sitting on his rock under the shade of a tree, so when a suspicious-looking Eddie arrived wearing a hoodie, he was immediately ambushed with questions.

He didn't mean to make a big scene – he really didn't – that was the opposite of what he was trying to accomplish, but when he snuck up behind Richie and tried to discretely put a hand on his shoulder, he squealed like a little girl which inevitably got the attention of the other 5 teens.

“Dude you scared the shit out of me!” Richie exclaimed ignoring Eddie's attempts to hush him.

“Hey Eddie we've been waiting for ya!” Mike's voice came from a tree he had climbed.

Good going Tozier.

“Why are you wearing a hoodie it's like a hundred degrees!?” Ben's voice echoed from next to Mike.

Eddie looked up at the two boys perched high in a tree hanging over the Kenduskeag and then glanced down to the stream where Bill and Beverly were looking at him with the same confused and questioning stare.

“I just- I forgot to change before I left!” Eddie yelled back and turned to face Richie again. “I need to talk to you. Alone.”

The losers chorused an ‘oooooooooooo’ and Stan just smirked. He knew. Stan always knew everything. No one knew how but he was the first to discover Ben and Beverly, he knew about Bill's crush before even

Bill himself knew, he knew Mike and Bill had kissed once, he also happened to know about what was going on between Richie and Eddie. How? Stan was good at observing and he used that to his advantage.

“Why of course, Your Highness,” Richie voiced and began to bow but Eddie flicked him in the nose and Richie clapped his hands over his face with a gasp.

Eddie shook his head and grabbed Richie’s hand, tugging him away from the other losers who glanced at each other questioningly.

“What the fuck Richie!?” Eddie exclaimed once he’d pulled Richie far enough away from the losers so they wouldn’t hear the words exchanged between them. Eddie’s back was resting against the trunk of a tree, his eyebrows furrowed in frustration (which Richie thought was adorable) and his lips pulled into a frown. “You gave me hickies!”

Eddie unzipped his jacket and threw it at Richie, then pointed angrily at the red-purple love bites on his neck. Richie grinned.

“You know people can die from these! You know the reason they turn red is because you’re sucking the fucking blood to the...” the rest of Eddie’s rant about how he could die from the marks left on his neck was drowned out in Richie’s mind. Richie thought Eddie was cute, rambling and obsessing over stupid things. *It’s not stupid!* Eddie’s voice echoed in Richie’s head.

Richie snapped back to reality, leaned forward and pressed his lips to his boyfriends’. The sweet kiss silenced the smaller of the two for a moment and his eyes fluttered shut at the contact. He felt Richie’s lips slip over his and his eyes flung open, watching his hands push Richie away.

“No stop! Richie I’m being serious!” Eddie whined, a pout tugging at his mouth.

“I don’t know why you’re so pissed, Eds. I mean,” Richie laughed. “You weren’t complaining when it was happening. You were doing the opposite actually.”

Eddie's mind rudely flashed back to the last afternoon they were in Richie's room, Eddie laying on his bed with Richie on top of him, Richie's knees supporting his weight between Eddie's legs which were tightly latched onto his waist. Eddie quickly remembered his heavy breaths and the feeling of Richie's soft curls in his fist as Richie attacked his neck.

"I didn't know that's what you were doing! And I was caught up in the moment!" Eddie's face was a heavy red, which he blamed on the heat of the sun instead of the heat of the intruding thought. Richie laughed. "Seriously Richie, if you suck open a vein in my neck and I don't die from that my mom will kill me and you when she finds out you hurt me."

A laughed gushed from Richie's mouth like the water pouring from the culvert into the Kenduskeag. "I hurt you? It's okay I'll kiss 'em better baby boy..." He cooed playfully, then bent his neck down and ghosted his lips over the marks. Eddie felt like his heart exploded and he melted into Richie's touch, gasping softly and tangling his hands into Richie's hair. Richie's tongue peeked out between his lips and traced the red-purple oval shapes with it, making Eddie let out an 'Ah!' and tug on Richie's hair.

Richie pulled away with an 'oh shit' and Eddie smiled a little. "They don't hurt, you dumbass I'm just angry," Eddie said softly, forearms resting on Richie's shoulders.

"Then I can keep doing it?" Richie grinned and released his grip on Eddie's hips.

"No!"

Richie laughed and wrapped his arms around Eddie's shoulders, trapping him in a bear-hug.

"You're so *cute* Eds!"

Eddie tried to push Richie away but gave up when he didn't budge. Then he screamed bloody murder as Richie heaved him up into a bridal-style position and walked back into the area where the losers were while singing 'here comes the bride~'